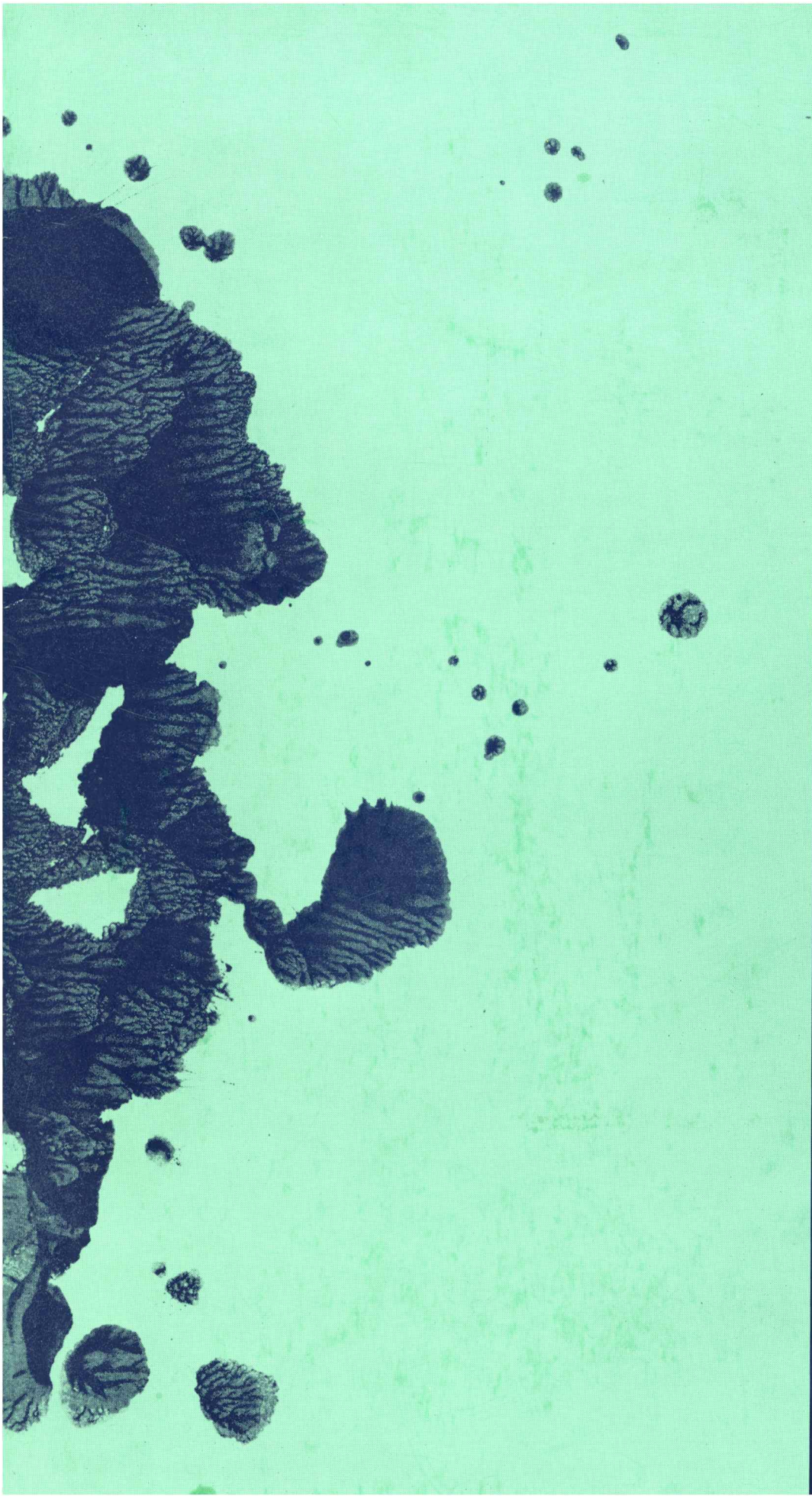

MANITOU

FEB. 1965

MANITOU

February 1965

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
Alas, Valentine, So Ill-Advised—Don Loritz	4
Look to the Sunrise—Mary Simon	7
Every Man's Death—Lorna Daetz	8
The Trap of Specialization—Michael Rathsack	8
Does He Have the Right?—Lynne Ellestad	9
Sun God—Claudia Shapiro	9
How Not to See Manhattan Island—Bob Hackbarth	10
The Importance of Surroundings—Chrissie Beck	11
Herman—Enid Haban	11
The Clash of Ideas in Our Schools—Steve Birringer	13
Abduction and Murder—Judy Johnson	14
Is Ability Enough?—Bob Sullivan	15
Grades or Knowledge—Lynn Zeckel	15
County Fair—Shirley Korinek	16
The Plunge—Monica Jaehnig	17
Vicious Campaign—Bill Grosnick	18
Grampa—Susan Bender	18
Education—Quantity or Quality?—Steve Peck	19
Haiku - Poetry of Awareness—Kristin Kanzelberger	20
Haikus—Mary Fandrick and Kristin Kanzelberger	20
Witchface—Tom Holmes	21
Cry of a Nation—Debby Whereatt	21
The Risk of Liberty—Peter Greuel	22
Idleness—Marilyn Kroll	22
Twilight Sky—Judy Johnson	24
The Cuban Invasion—Steve Birringer	24
Oh, You Dreamer—Anne Benishek	24
The Other Side—Judy Johnson	25
Hometown—Mary Simon	25
The Nature of Maturity—Peter Greuel	26
Breaker—Lynda Grotbak	27
Red Badge of Courage—Jim Chermak	28

ART CREDITS

Peter Baird	5
George Jadowski	12
Karen Rysticken	16-17
Sue Stannard	23
Chrissie Beck	26

Each person sees, in his mind, a different world than does his neighbor as a result of his frame of reference (in other words, his past experiences, his accumulated ideas, and his thoughts on both.) Objects take on meaning through the relationship they have to other facets of the individual's life.

One such "object" is the Manitou—actually a composite of "objects"—the cover and the contents.

The meaning derived from the cover will depend on the readers' frames of reference as will the meaning derived from the contents. Various interpretations of the cover are possible; various interpretations of the contents are possible.

With this in mind, we have taken the material and arranged it, but we leave the interpretation up to you, the reader.

We encourage you to take advantage of this opportunity and hope that you will find pleasure in your discoveries.

—*The Editor*

Alas, Valentine, So Ill-Advised

The days is dark. Indeed, it is so dark that the street lights have been turned on in Hanford. Huge thunderheads are rising in the west, and, in the streets of Hanford, umbrellas are blooming as the first scattered drops of rain fall.

On the corner of 21st Avenue and Monroe Street a cluster of umbrellas is growing about a bus stop. Of particular interest to the reader is a yellow umbrella and the person holding it. Her name is Barbara Green. Her eyes are far away; she stands out in the crowd.

Now the rain falls harder and now it is a heavy rain; a storm. The umbrellas move together. "Isn't the bus ever going to come?" Silence. A man on the leeward side of the umbrella bed makes a funny remark that the rain is good for the farmers anyway. No one laughs. Silence. Then "Thank God!" The bus comes and Miss Green steps into the bus, which is now slightly more uncomfortable than a steambath, and drops fifteen cents into the glass box next to the driver. The driver smiles and says "Hello." Miss Green walks to the back of the bus. The only vacant seat is next to a gaunt old man, his hair disheveled, his eyes sunken in his unshaven face. He is wearing a torn green raincoat. Miss Green chooses to stand.

The bus heads westward on Monroe Street.

* * * *

One hundred seventy-two miles southeast of Hanford is Hartsburg. On the north side of the city is the University. It isn't yet raining in Hartsburg but on April 8, 1963, rain is in the air, and walking down Ninth or Tenth Streets one can listen to the oldtimers' talk: forecasts from once broken shoulders and time-tested bunions and wasn't '24 the driest spring and '41 the wettest when the river flooded and boats, big twenty-footers, were cruising down Bainbush Avenue?

Bainbush Avenue is on the north side of Hartsburg and it follows the river as it winds through the University's campus, past Compton Hall and Merdock Hall, past the Harrison Laboratories and Carthage Hall, past the old Colonel Bainbush statue and the older Administration buildings, until it dribbles off into little more than an alley with Wally's Pool Halls, Ace Shoe Repair Shops, and Honest John's Resale Stores built right up to the wide curb and one another.

Here there are garbage cans all along Bainbush. They aren't eyesores but rather fit the decor like the barefoot children rolling hoops down the street or throwing bricks through the window of the old Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company warehouse which has been left to rats and cats and little boys and old tramps since the war. Foreign sanitation engineers or garbage men (for that's what they call themselves) are emptying cans and barrels into an old truck (perhaps it is even older than the warehouse) in front of the Tastee Kitchen.

Above the Tastee Kitchen is a window and above that window, another, open. In that open window is a face. The face is the property of one Stephen Hotspurn, part-time student at the University. That is, according to Mrs. Jacobs, (Mrs. **Elisabeth** Jacobs, who runs the Tastee Kitchen in her spare time for she is really a writer, a prose poet she says but she's gotta get material for her next novel. She's already written two but they're under a pen name so that's why you maybe never heard of Elisabeth Jacobs and so this restaurant stuff is only temporary you know.) Stephen Hotspurn is a part-time student. He enrolled for the second semester of his sophomore year at the University, but he has reported to only one class only once. His face is thin, even gaunt. His eyes are set deep in their sockets. His hair is disheveled; his face unshaven. His face is striking; it cannot be overlooked. If a sudden fury were to light his eyes, one would think him insane, but his eyes are clouded; his expression unique only in its expressionlessness.

* * * *

The drawer clammed shut and bounced open again. He laid his head in his arms which lay on a once-finished desk, nestled in the corner of an almost-furnished room. His back rose and fell sporadically as his breaths lost their way in his throat.

Suddenly, he pulls himself erect. His eyes stare abjectly at the black letters scribbled on the wall by John Illegible, '42, "Help, God." He turns his head away and looks at a black spot scurrying across the floor. Leaning on the desk, he stands up and he steps unsurely to the bed only a few feet away. He lets himself drop face-down on the bed.

The bed is yellow with age and brown where his shoes have often laid, uncleaned, still on his feet. The bed goes well with the walls, which, once a soft green floral print, are now

PETER BAIRD '65

brown where the wallpaper hasn't withered, died, and blown away. The ceiling, once white, is now off-white, and from all corners of the room cracks run confusedly to a white porcelain light fixture. From the light fixture a forty-watt bulb hangs on a gnarled black cord. The bulb lights the desk but little more. On the desk stands an empty whiskey bottle, the label torn off. Next to the bottle lies a paperback copy of **The Idiot,** open to page 594. The single drawer is open a half inch. It is empty. Under the desk is a cutoff Tide box which once served as a waste basket. It is empty.

Rats' feet are tapping on the floor; scurrying about the rooms here above the Tastee Kitchen. Hail on a windowpane; a classroom full of clicking ball points.

Someone on the bed whimpers and then falls into convulsive sobbing. He is crying bitterly.

He cried a long while. Before him danced rats and lice and Mrs. Jacobs and Professor Smoltey and she. His mind reeled. —I want to whip myself! drive myself insane! commit suicide. To die; rest and peace.

He wanted to, yes. Again and again he told himself I must, I must. Again and again he cried I can't, I can't. —I'm weak . . . hungry. Yes, if only I could eat . . .

He **is** hungry. His soul is starving. —Yes, yes, to eat. I must. Weak . . . I'm weak. I need food. No, Hotspurn. You don't need food. You need courage. Yes, you're weak; you've always been weak. You don't need food. You need courage. Courage to kill the past and courage to burn your martyrdom at the stake. Look at yourself. You've stampeded yourself into this; this rathole, that damned landlady, her damned book, crackers, cockroaches, water, liquor . . . .

His lips mouthed stop it, and again with his teeth clenched, stop it! He wrapped the limp, yellow pillow around his head and screamed. He was screaming but the words were trapped in his pillow. He was crying. The pillow absorbed his tears. He clutched at his soul. The pillow yielded. Then, suddenly, he threw the pillow to the floor.

—See what you've done! You've given her the key to this death-trap. This hell of yours. You sit and wait for her to let you out—but she won't. You know she won't. She's lost the key forever. Stop lying to yourself.

He swallowed.

—But I need her, even without hope . . . No, no! I must hope for she shall come—or I'll go—but she will. She will. She will!

Again he fell into a fit of crying until he fell asleep, exhausted.

It was the night of April 8th in the twentieth year of Stephen Hotspurn. It was April 7th and it was April 9th. It was Wednesday and Sunday and Thursday and everyday. His future was in his past and his past was his present. His present was hell.

A gnarled old tree stands on a small knoll which dominates a small meadow. A slow river, green with algae, fringed with rushes, and studded with lilies in green settings half encircles the knoll. The sun is high in the sky, held there by the tree's branches.

A boy lies in the grass of the meadow in the shade of the tree. There he sits and laughs as a nymph wades on the flat rock slabs at the bottom of a clear pool. As the nymph laughs, sparks of blue jump from her black hair. He laughs and their laughter rings brilliant in the clear air.

"Look! A boat. Ahoy! I'm off, abducted by this savage stream and the wanderlust of my soul." Their laughter rang brilliant in the clear air.

"Au revoir."

"Au revoir."

She threw him a kiss. His mother would kiss him when the man with the fez who lived in his closet wasn't in the closet but by the crib and in the morning when it was bright and he was gone, too. And so he went to sleep, alone in his crib and the man in the fez came and he cried and he cried but no one came to kiss him. And he cried some more and still no one came to kiss away the man with the fez. And he awoke.

There was no sun. There wasn't even a sky. There were no more leaves on the knotted black tree which stood on a barren knoll overlooking a frozen river. Black ants are swarming over the brown grass of the meadow where it hadn't withered, died, and blown away. He reached for his bottle which had been filled with milk but it was no more and he cried for his mother and she was no more and he was alone in a strange night with black ants and the man with the fez.

Someone was felling the tree.

* * * *

—Someone is taking an ax to the door!

He springs up to a sitting position.

". . . up? Ain't you ever gonna get up an outa that room? You ain't eaten for a day an' a half, much less go to your classes. An' first thing you know the dean's gonna be callin' on me as if I'm your mother. Lord knows I got enough things to do besides that: I got that kitchen and . . . and a novel in the works, too. No, I ain't gonna play mother, but I worry an' think maybe you're sick—not that that bothers me but you got rent to pay. Not as I's ever one to be greedy either, but a writer don't make a hell of a lotta money in the first place, an' . . ."

"Yes, yes. I'm not sick. You're not my mother. You'll get your rent when my scholarship check comes . . ."

"It's been comin' for three months now."

"I've only missed one class, the others were post—canceled. Please, let me alone."

Suddenly he is breathing heavily, each breath his last; the last before the lump in his throat chokes him;

before Stephen Hotspurn vomits up all of the lies and pride and hope that had lodged in his breast and brain; before he vomits them up and must face his disease, acknowledge it; before he has to look at the pieces of his life spewed out in front of him; before he has to look at what he never dared see in the mirror. Nothing! There will be nothing left but a strange tomorrow, an unknowable tomorrow.

—That tomorrow! If only it could be faced from the other side of the coffin lid. There's an air of security about the coffin—and a certainty—and eternal light—but in the mirror! God isn't in the mirror.

"At least open the door. I brought you up some soup, an' "

Hotspurn's eyes are red; his mouth is drawn in anguish. He clutches his forehead and forces his eyelids together. His face reddens as his voice shakily screams, "Let me alone. For God's sake please let me alone . . . let me alone . . . let . . . me alone . . ."

August 19, 1964

November 8, 1964

* * * *

Alas, Valentine, So Ill-Advised *was written not so much as a character sketch as a study of vices. Stephen Hotspurn is merely a sounding-board which amplifies, in this case, the deteriorating effects of hope, escapism, self-pity, love, and a host of other inter-related human frailties. The representation of all of these vices in their extreme forms was a task obviously beyond the scope of the conventional short story. To effectively convey the extreme condition of my sounding-board was to require an unorthodox method—this was evident. The result of my experimentation with "modern" literary devices was to result in* **Alas, Valentine,** *written using three main literary devices:*

1) *a system of leitmotifs*
2) *symbolism*
3) *the stream-of-consciousness form*

THE LEITMOTIFS

The leitmotif was originally a short musical passage connected with a certain person, image, or idea which Richard Wagner scored to accompany the presentation of that idea or appearance of that person in the text of his operas. The recurring, associative leitmotifs gave his operas **Einheit** *or unity.*

In **Alas, Valentine** *I have introduced a number of recurring leitmotifs which, at each appearance, associate a particular thought or scene with the over-all structure of the story. Examples are the recurring themes of Hope and Barbara Green's rejection of Stephen suggested by the recurring color green and the recurring change of green objects to brown. Several other leitmotifs suggesting various states are black insects (first cockroaches, then ants) and the darkness which pervades the scene of the entire story.*

SYMBOLISM

The symbolism of **Alas, Valentine** *accomplishes two ends:*

1) *a greater unity (especially when symbolism is combined with leitmotifs)*

2) *an extension of the meaning of the story beyond the immediate scene and characters.*

I chose hope as the main "vice" contributing to Stephen's pathetic state since the other main vice, escapism, is the acceptance of hopes as certainties and reality. Hence the names of the characters and the source of the title:

Stephen Hotspurn takes his surname from Shakespeare's **Henry the Fourth** *in which the soldier Hotspur "lined himself with hope . . . and leap'd winking into destruction."*

Barbara Green derives her name from the liturgically symbolic color for hope, green. The title, **Alas, Valentine, So Ill-Advised,** *refers to Shakespeare's* **Two Gentlemen of Verona** *in which Proteus advises Valentine:*

"Hope is a lover's staff; Walk hence with that
And manage it against despairing thoughts."

—which is exactly what Stephen Hotspurn does. It destroys (or nearly destroys) him.

In the dream sequence which immediately follows the description of Stephen's garret, symbolism and leitmotifs are used individually and in combination to suggest the dream sequence's proper relation to the rest of the story.

THE STREAM-OF-CONSCIOUSNESS METHOD

The central conflict of the story is internal; it takes place in Stephen Hotspurn's mind. The stream-of-consciousness writing I used (introduced by —) is a verbatim reproduction of Stephen's thoughts, undistorted by the author or any other character. *Through it the reader becomes an eyewitness.*

This is obviously not an exhaustive listing of the leitmotifs, symbolism, and literary devices I used in **Alas, Valentine.** *Not only is such a list beyond the scope of this paper, but to unravel all of the intricacies of the story for the reader would deny him the satisfaction (and much of the effect of story) which he could apperceive if he were to unravel them himself.*

May I offer a further word to invite repeated readings of the short story: The effect of the story is cumulative and is therefore (I hope) heightened and refined each time the reader discovers a new device which bears upon the crux of the story. I also hope that I have succeeded in saying enough in this story to further stimulate the reader each time it is read.

DON LORITZ '65

LOOK TO THE SUNRISE

And he said to me,
"Look, the sunrise!
Stop searching in the west
For lost light when the east glows.
Hold respect for yesterday's light;
Learn from it,
But never yearn for it."
Now I am old
And the sunset belongs to me.
You must forget the sunset;
Look east, look east,
The sunrise!

MARY SIMON '65

Every Man's Death

In a lonely mountain village, as the dawn
begins to break,
A man by death enshrouded lies,
To nevermore awake.

Of what concern were you to me, oh man
of humble birth?
The world shall ne'er proclaim your name
Or laud your lowly worth.

But nonetheless your life on earth,
your membership in man,
Has joined us in one union here—
One life, one race, one clan.

And though I never knew your name, or
with your mourners cried,
With you a part of me has lived,
A part of me has died.

LORNA DAETZ '65

The Trap of Specialization

Picture the dilemma of the present day high school student. Because of the vast store of knowledge that is available to him and because of the specialized labor market in our society, he is forced too early to select the career which he will follow for the rest of his life. He must specialize in school for that particular career to the exclusion of other interests.

The student is confronted with specialization as soon as he enters junior high school. Entering a junior high school should mean the student is now able to select the subjects he wants according to his interests. But before he chooses them, he is asked to indicate a career preference.

As soon as this is done, his fate is sealed. He will be pushed into enrollment in the courses recommended for his particular career and the courses needed to fulfill stringent college entrance requirements. A clerical career means much bookkeeping, but physics and other science courses will be left out. A physics career means science and math courses, but woodworking and related shop courses will be eliminated.

Generally speaking, courses taken will be directly concerned with the work in the career field. Courses that do not bear directly on this work, but have an important indirect effect because they broaden and enrich life, are usually passed over. This early choice is the beginning of specialization.

Early specialization continues through high school and into college, becoming more intense at the higher grade levels. In junior high, a preference such as "science" will satisfy teachers and counselors. By eleventh grade a particular branch of science such as biology or engineering should be selected. By the twelfth grade, the choice should be narrowed to a field such as civil engineering or mining engineering.

All this is before college, but the process isn't completed yet. When beginning college, civil engineering isn't definite enough. Is it going to be teaching civil engineering or experimental civil engineering or a branch of civil engineering in government?

This continuing specialization is not fixed by rules, but the pressures brought against the student to conform to it are very strong. Interest tests are given early in school to help channel likes and dislikes into specific areas. The student is asked to investigate the single career which interests him at the time rather than investigating the facets of several widely varied careers.

Counselors try to aim the student toward some career as a specific goal of high school. Then college application forms urge that a college major be picked. Scholarship application forms such as those of the National Merit Scholarship Corporation strongly suggest that choosing a specific major is very important. Indeed, many scholarships are awarded only to students who have specified a particular area of study.

The idea of specialization also acts as a pressure. Once a field of study is partially completed, it can be difficult or impossible to change to another field. An engineering student who switched majors at the end of his sophomore year would be two years behind in studies in almost any other field.

These many pressures combine to distort the student's real needs in life. By focusing towards this one specific goal during a period of great mental development, many worthwhile subjects and enriching ideas outside the goal are passed by. The student's educational experience is limited to the career area in which he has specialized, and he tends to focus himself around this area. This focusing can continue until its victim is no longer really participating in a full life. Instead of moving down a hall and sampling the contents behind each door, the specialist locks himself in one room. Instead of development based on a widening range of knowledge and new, varied experiences, there is stagnation caused by a specialized range of knowledge and little experience.

MICHAEL RATHSACK '65

BOOK REVIEW

Does He Have The Right?

Campaign literature must, by its very nature, be subjective and one-sided. If its purpose is to discredit the opponent, it must do so with such vengeance that no reader could vote for the candidate without serious reconsideration. **A Texan Looks at Lyndon** does this well.

On the other hand, it should make its accusations logical and realistic. Here, **A Texan Looks at Lyndon** fails. From the first of its two hundred and fifty pages, this "Study in Illegitimate Power" consists of a series of unproven, irrelevant, illogical, and inconsistent charges.

In a lengthy section on Johnson and Billie Sol Estes, for instance, author J. Evetts Haley grinds through every "connection" he can find. On the surface, it seems that the two must have helped each other. Examined more closely, the connections could have been coincidental at best or a figment of Haley's overworked imagination at worst. He presents nothing to prove that President Johnson ever aided or knew about Estes' operations. Indeed Haley himself states that stories circulating about the case are "not significant", but "strange".

He also attacks Johnson for, of all things, being effective! He says, for example, that Johnson is "dangerous" because of his ability "to manage Congress" and "overpower local prejudices and interests". While this may give the impression that Johnson has too much power, it fails to point out that there can be no managing or overpowering unless Congressmen and local people allow themselves to be managed or overpowered. It also fails to mention that the Congressmen and local people may agree with President Johnson. His abilities in other words, may be in persuading, not overpowering.

Still another weakness in the writing is the inconsistency. At one point, Haley tells his readers that LBJ controls Texas and much of the South. But in another section, he says that Johnson could hardly control his own state party organization as early as 1958. Surely if he risked losing even what should have been his staunchest supporters, he couldn't have been such a powerhouse throughout the state — which presumably includes Republicans.

Haley, in desperate efforts to discredit the President's motives, frequently uses the non sequitur. He points out, for instance, that the American Communist newspaper, The Worker, called for a commission headed by Chief Justice Earl Warren to investigate the Kennedy assassination. "Three days later," Haley adds, "just as the Communists suggested, Johnson appointed such a commission." The desired impression, obviously, is that since Johnson did it **after** The Worker suggested it, he did it **because** The Worker suggested it. This is not necessarily so.

The last chapter is devoted entirely to a listing of trival characteristics. The author berates Johnson for egomania, citing the number of LBJ's around him (his ranch, daughters' initials, TV station, etc.) He criticizes Johnson for liking Cadillacs ("his love of the trappings of power is excessive"), and chides him for talking too much.

In ordinary times, under ordinary circumstances, this type of literature would be ignored. Unfortunately, however, the Republican Party with other anti-Johnson forces have strongly encouraged the circulation of **A Texan Looks at Lyndon.** During the last months of the 1964 campaign, some seven and a half million copies were distributed across the country. Most of them, presumably, were read by voters. Viewed in this light, the book assumes great importance.

Although chances are that the book changed few votes, votes are not the only thing that counts. What is more important is respect for the president as a symbol of all Americans. This respect, the basis of any workable system of law and order, can only be diminished by deliberate character assassination.

Haley's irresponsible methods should be so discredited for their lack of reason or proof as to make it socially impossible for "writers" to get an audience for this type of material.

LYNNE ELLESTAD '65

SUN GOD

The earth shivers in suffering, anguish, and pain;
It crashes down on us like the frosted rain,
To leave on life's battlefield, many slain.

It cuts and grinds and grates and gnaws;
It follows nature's merciless laws;
And we topple and tumble like paper straws.

Our honeyed tears fall on silent space;
We stiffen and harden like death's face;
Forlorn and forsaken trudges our race.

But the golden-haired sun god bears new days,
And floods the earth world with vibrant, warm rays;
Healing love and hope 'waken to lead our ways.

CLAUDIA SHAPIRO '65

How *NOT* To See Manhattan Island

Time: 11:00 A. M. Place: 42nd Street Pier, aboard a Circle Line Yacht about to depart on an unforgettable journey around Manhattan Island.

We were greeted by a typical New York "Lady Clairol" blonde. Her voice had been sweetened by honey, trained by a specialist, and permanently pitched two octaves above "B flat".

As we left the dock she briefed us on our trip. We were on our way to the most boring, but funny, time of our life.

A large luxury liner was calmly overtaking us. This was our first summons to the call, "At the count of three, everybody wave. One! Two! Three! That's right!"

One of the most "visited" places on our trip was the Statue of Liberty. Upon coming to the statue our guide said, and I quote, "There she is ladies and gentlemen, the Statue of Liberty! I'd like to take her home with me, but unfortunately she is too large for my apartment." Then she began her first of many sales campaigns—"A man in a white coat will be coming around. You can purchase a small gold statue for just one dollar."

Soon we passed under the Brooklyn Bridge, the first of nineteen bridges on our tour, then onward past the internationally famous United Nations Building.

Soon our guide sighed, "If you'll look directly to your left, the large white penthouse with the green awnings is Frank Sinatra's. Every day I look up and every day I don't see him!"

As we continued up the East River, she broke in and quietly said, "If you'll look directly to your right you can see the Men's Parking Lot of New York City. As you can see, they are a bit untidy." Here was a huge pile of old, junky, rusted cars piled up and thrown all over the place in any direction desired. Further down we came to the Women's Parking Lot. These cars were all rusty, but piled very orderly and neatly, one on top of another. There was one blue car right in the middle of the pile and of course she broke in again and said, "There it is, ladies and gentlemen, the Women's Parking Lot. The blue car right in the middle is mine. I had some trouble getting it up there, but as you can see, it is safely parked."

Everyone knows of the famous Bronx. When we came near that area, we were given a blow by blow description of how the Bronx got its name. By the time she finished talking, we were already a few blocks past the Bronx.

As we were about to leave the Harlem River there were groups of boys and girls diving off high cliffs into the river below. Once again the famous command, "At the count of three, everyone clap! One! Two! Three! That's right!"

Traveling down the Hudson River we passed a yellow life raft. You know what happened! "At the count of three, everyone wave! One! Two! Three! That's right!!"

At times she took short breaks, promising to see us soon. "In ten minutes I will rejoin you at Grant's Tomb." Fifteen minutes later we heard the unforgettable voice, "If you'll look over your left shoulder, ladies and gentlemen, you will see the large grey building. This is Grant's Tomb. If anyone should ask you who is buried there, tell them 'Louise'. Yes, Louise, his wife, is also buried in the tomb."

Whenever there was a lull in passing landscape and nothing to sell, she subjected us to school-teacher type questions such as, "How many of you have been to the Fair?" "How many are planning on going to the Fair?" "How many of you were in New York one year ago?" "Two? Three? Five? Ten? Fifteen? Twenty? Wonderful!"

"How many of you are from Europe? How many from South America? North America?"

When people refused to raise their hands, she would exclaim, "I find this very hard to believe!"

We were happy to reach the end of the journey when the piers came into view.

"Thank you for traveling on The Circle Line. Watch your step, ladies and gentlemen."

Time: 2:30 P. M. !

BOB HACKBARTH '67

The Importance Of Surroundings

During the last two years, Lincoln's cafeteria has become more and more crowded. To alleviate the problem, school officials have designated the multi-purpose room as the lunchroom for all junior and sophomore girls with bag lunches.

The officials now have a second problem—enforcing the ruling. Junior and sophomore girls continue to eat in the cafeteria illegally, and say they do so because the multi-purpose room is too far from their classes and lockers. But investigation shows that the girls also dislike the multi-purpose room because: 1) It is cold; 2) The tables are wet; 3) It is uninvitingly drab.

Items one and two should not be too difficult to remedy, but the third presents a problem both school officials and parents are likely to dismiss as a ridiculous whim. I am now prompted to ask: Just how important are a student's surroundings to his state of mind?

To Greeley, Colorado, educators, they were important enough to warrant construction of six million-dollar schools. Each school is circular, has a central, four-foot, sunken amphitheater, and has wall-to-wall carpeting. The most radical of the changes is the wall-to-wall carpeting which seems to some to be an unnecessary frill. But the men who authorized these buildings are proponents of a new trend of thought, attempting to prove through these schools that better work can be done in quiet, comfortable (insofaras proper ventilation, heating, and desk design are concerned) attractive surroundings.

I agree with these men wholeheartedly and think some of their ideas would be well-suited to Lincoln, although others would be impractical. For example, it would not be feasible to install carpeting in the school. First, it would be too costly; second, the maintenance would be tremendous. Nor do I suggest we abandon our present structure and build a circular school. The general shape of a school should not affect the students' attitudes drastically.

What I am suggesting is that our school be made more attractive and interesting. As it exists, Lincoln is an excellent institution of secondary education. But it is too much an institution; the rooms are similarly drab.

In contrast to this drabness, the University of Wisconsin at Milwaukee has employed color to its advantage. What would have been a drab brick wall in the cafeteria is bright turquoise through the use of glazed bricks. In other buildings, bricks are glazed red; in still others, white. Also, one wall in each of these buildings is wood paneling.

Why can't the painters at Lincoln use brighter colors? The change to bright colors could first be made in the multi-purpose room. This, alone, might be sufficient to alleviate the overcrowded conditions in the cafeteria by offering an attractive alternative to the students.

If this were successful, the change could be affected in classrooms. As it is now, the students go from a dull rose room to a washed-out green room to a sallow yellow room and back to a dull rose room. Definitely, there is variety in color, but the variety is so toned down that it emerges, at least in my mind, as a general greyness.

Bright colors would add so much to the atmosphere of the entire school, and, as the Greeley, Colorado, educators are attempting to prove, good atmosphere is conducive to good student work.

CHRISSIE BECK '65

HERMAN

Herman tugged at a clump of sand and picked it up with his large forcep-like jaws. He took his place in the line. This particular piece was heavier than usual, and Herman stopped to adjust the weight. A guard snapped his antennae at him and told him to get moving. Herman promptly moved on. He scurried from a side tunnel into the main tunnel and up through the main entrance. He deposited his burden.

As he turned to go back for more, he felt a tremor from a thud. Herman scrambled back into the tunnel as fast as his six legs could carry him and didn't stop till he was far below. Herman was far more fortunate than others who hadn't sensed danger soon enough, and he knew it.

"Clumsy humans," he thought, his antennae trembling with anger. "Why can't they just watch where they're going and leave us ants alone?"

Then Herman thought of the job that needed to be done. Steadying his nerves, he lifted his large, shiny, black head and scurried off to help at the scene of the disaster.

ENID HABAN '66

GEORGE JADOWSKI '65

The Clash of Ideas In Our Schools

On May 12, 1964, the Manitowoc Board of Education adopted "Guidelines for Appearance of Speakers on Controversial Issues in the Schools." I would like to explain just what these guidelines are and to explain why I favor this decision of the Board of Education.

The guidelines begin with the following introduction:

"We encourage teachers to invite speakers to appear before groups of students and present their views, even if of a controversial nature as in the case of many political and economic problems.

"One important goal of citizenship education is to train students to weigh the merits of opposing arguments on major problems facing the nation. This skill can best be learned by studying objectively the real problems in our modern society."

I believe discussions and debates serve as an important part of the foundation of our free way of life. How can a government in the hands of the people ever remain as such when differing opinions are not tolerated, new ideas are not considered, and when our young people are not given a chance to study the great issues of our time? Schools, as recognized institutions of learning, ought to work for the free presentation of ideas.

There are those who wish to "protect our young people from everything that is controversial." But let's stop and think for a minute. Is there anything in our republic that is not "controversial"? Every decision that we have to make, every plan that we adopt involves controversy. Should our students be given a chance to view this controversy for themselves, or should we hide them from such reality?

Our own congressman, John Byrnes, once stated his position on the clash of ideas. He stated, " . . . it is the essence of liberty and one of its greatest strengths that there be no bar to the unhampered clash of ideas. To the extent we prohibit or inhibit the flow of ideas—be they good or bad—to that extent we weaken individual freedom. To that extent, we endanger the liberty of all of us." Mr. Byrnes was not talking with reference to the exchange of ideas in schools when he made this statement. But I think that this basic outlook could certainly apply to the question of whether or not to allow controversy of any type in our schools.

Safeguards have been set forth in the School Board guidelines which I think promote both satisfaction and justice. When speakers on controversial issues are invited to appear before students, consent of the department head or principal should be procured. Arrangements for appearances should be made in advance to permit proper scheduling. Students should be properly prepared before the appearance of the speaker. When time is granted to any speaker, opposing speakers should have the opportunity of making similar arrangements. Care must be taken to explore both sides of a controversial issue since the aim in education is not to teach the student "What to think" but to teach him "How to think."

I think that these guidelines present both the opportunity and basic safeguards necessary for a fair clash of ideas. I don't contend that there is always going to be perfect agreement about allowing certain speakers to talk to our student body. I would hope, however, that there will always be fairness in following these guidelines. The general ideas and safeguards are contained in this set of guidelines. The final determination of honest presentations of controversy will rest with teachers and faculty members. I hope they will always stick to the road of fairness and thereby be a credit to the parents and taxpayers who entrust them with the minds of our young people.

STEVE BIRRINGER '65

ABDUCTION AND MURDER . . .

. . . A Series of Murders

It was cruel and inhuman the way we did it. They died quickly and didn't suffer much which was good. But now I have the taste for it and unabashedly admit that I would commit the act again if given the chance.

The summer day was bright and stifling, and the sun glared off the bay with an intensity that hurt one's eyes. We agreed that swimming was the only thing to do. The water cooled and refreshed us and put us in a gay mood. Or, perhaps, it was the beating sun that distorted our mental state. Anyhow, this was my condition when I suggested the swim to Reed's Point.

The distance to the Point is not great. It is the distance plus the many obstacles encountered on the way that make it a difficult jaunt. These include tangled patches of clutching, grasping weeds, shallow reefs comprised of sharp, uncomfortable rocks, and an ill-feeling, mucky bottom.

However, Reed's Point is worth the effort. Huge, damp boulders green with prospering moss are shielded from the sun's scorching rays by large cedars. The shore is a multitude of flat rocks which accommodate many crayfish as we soon discovered.

We reached the Point and gingerly waded to shore. Suddenly Jim noticed a small crayfish darting from beneath a disturbed rock. He lunged and came up with the creature flapping in his hand. After overturning a nearby rock, he swooped down and captured another frantic crayfish.

Gary joined in the hunt while I built a tight stone corral in which to hold our charges. The boys flung the crayfish at me as they caught them. I suppose it was hardhearted of me not to attempt to catch the hurtling crayfish, not to break their flight or save them from being dashed against the rocks. However, few were injured. In fact, their forceful landing hardly seemed to faze them. They quickly collected themselves and scurried away. I fearlessly scooped them up in escape and plopped them in my corral.

Soon the corral was bustling with activity. Jim tripped over to survey their procured game, with Gary mincing over the rocks not far behind.

"I bet some of these are big enough to eat," Jim speculated.

Gary eased himself down on a flat rock and examined his feet tenderly.

"My feet will never be the same," he groaned.

"Did you ever eat boiled crayfish?" Jim asked me. I shook my head.

Gary looked up, incredulous. "Are you kidding? If you think I'm going to eat those."

"Oh, why not?" Jim interrupted. "Listen, they're really very good."

"Let's take the biggest ones back to the cottage and cook them for supper," I suggested. The idea of eating our own crayfish seemd rustic and pioneer-like. I admit, I was all for it.

Thus, Gary was overruled as we plunged deeper and deeper into our villainous deed. We put the seven large crayfish into a rusty old can and swam back to the cottage, floating the doomed in front of us all the way. Often the can tipped precariously, many times almost sending our future meal to the bottom.

We reached home, tired and hungry. I immediately lit the gas stove and set a pan of water on to boil. Jim rinsed off the ill-fated crayfish. As soon as bubbles began rising to the surface, he placed a crayfish in the hot water. We silently huddled around the stove, watching the crayfish struggle and die, turning a rich, brilliant red.

"Well, I guess he's cooked," Gary gulped.

The water boiled more furiously now. Inside the can, the remaining crayfish stired restlessly, as if aware of the hopelessness of their situation.

Jim threw two more crayfish in the churning water. Instantly both were still and both were deep red.

Soon all seven were lying motionless on the platter, steaming and blushing. We ate them then, tearing their bodies apart and savoring the sparse meat. I felt strangely cannibalistic as if I had just devoured my best friend. Nevertheless, I was famished and ate them anyway.

By the way, freshly caught crayfish are delicious boiled and soaked in lemon.

JUDY JOHNSON '66

Is Ability Enough?

I would imagine that the task an athletic coach dreads most is the one of telling boys that they haven't made the team. So many boys have so much incentive; but unfortunately, not as much ability as the other boys who are trying out.

It is too bad that all of the boys who do make the teams don't appreciate the ability they have been given and that they don't make the best of this gift. I am referring to boys who play on school teams, yet don't bother to train. Don't these boys realize that they are not only hurting themselves but also the team?

No matter how good an athlete a boy is, he could be better if he wouldn't smoke or drink. When he takes someone else's place on a team he owes it to that team to be the best player possible. If he doesn't feel this much loyalty to his teammates, he shouldn't be part of that team. There are too many deserving boys waiting in line for a chance to play.

An athlete must realize that when he is a member of a team it is his duty to set an example both off and on the playing area. His duty is both to his teammates and to the student body which he represents. If this means making sacrifices, then sacrifices must be made. A good athlete cannot be selfish.

I have played ball with boys who didn't train, and I have found that they are always a certain type of individual. They are interested only in themselves and are playing ball only for the glory connected with the sport. They are on a team because of their ability, but not because of their desire. When the going gets tough, they will very seldom come through. When the chips are down I would much prefer to have the boy on my team who may have a little less ability, but a strong motivation. Put the other boy on the opposing team and my team will win every time!

BOB SULLIVAN '65

Grades — or Knowledge?

Our present grading system is a stumbling block to both students and teachers. Teachers are forced to evaluate students' work and give them a grade. Students, in turn, because of parental and college pressures, are forced to work for grades rather than knowledge and understanding. Not only do students work primarily for grades, but they also choose "snap courses" over courses which present a greater challenge.

In a recent survey, fifty English IV students at Lincoln answered questions concerning the importance of grades. When asked, "Which do you think most students feel is more important, the grade or the knowledge gained?" Forty-four Lincolnites felt that most students thought that grades were more important. When asked, "Which do you work for—the grade or the knowledge?" thirty-two students said they worked for a grade, nine students said they worked for comprehension, and nine students said they worked for both.

Many students agreed that, theoretically, the knowledge gained from a course should take precedence over grades, but that the increasing emphasis on grades by parents and colleges made the comprehension of a subject seem secondary. They added that it would be great if students could get good grades and receive a basic understanding of the subject, but that if there was a choice most students would take the grade.

Seemingly, the ideal solution to this problem in school is a system of no grades. Cornell University uses this system quite successfully. It is assumed that Cornell students are doing satisfactory work unless notified otherwise. This system is being used not only on the college level but also in the high schools. Some Illinois and Florida high school students receive no grades until graduation. This system eliminates the idea of working only for a grade. This is the only solution that has been practiced thus far, and there is an increasing number of schools adopting it. In the future, better solutions may be developed, but this problem must not be allowed to go unsolved.

LYNN ZECKEL '65

A county fair gathers the cross sections of humanity just as it gathers cross sections of produce. Strolling through the fairgrounds an interested observer may find it revealing to judge the people instead of the produce.

The child's face is a portrait of anticipation and excitement from her first pony ride to her last cotton candy. Myriad lights illuminate her scrubbed cheeks while the pupils of her big eyes reflect a miniature fairground. Blond curls absorb a fantasy of colors as her head bobs into various angles, and one cannot help but smile at her innocence and happiness.

We pass a teenager trying to costume herself with maturity using dime store cosmetics. Her lips are outlined, and her eyelashes curled to perfection, but her fingernails are dirty and her clothes need ironing. As she looks coyly at the boys and longingly at the beer, one wonders what became of scrubbed cheeks and bright eyes.

At Van's booth, the young men prove their prowess with Kingsbury, Blatz, and Schlitz. They solve the world's problems and confront opposing opinions with graceful disdain and disgraceful language. Inflated egos are mirrored on clean-shaven faces. One finds it hard to even imagine that they were once children when confronted by their "maturity".

Rushing by are harried parents, herding children through the crowd and casting disapproving glances at the teenagers and young men. Theirs are the only faces etched with open concern and consternation as they buy tickets and safely distribute their charges on rides. They seem too busy to ever have been children.

The crowd divides and sweeps around the old man whose wondering face belies his age. Immobile features flicker in moments of recognition, but he walks through a reality tempered by past memories. Strangely, his face records the same details as those of the child. Strolling out through the main gate, the question suddenly confronts one, "Who faces reality most directly?"; the child and old man, the teenager and young men, or the parents?

SHIRLEY KORINEK '65

COUNTY FAIR

KARYN RYSTICKEN '65

THE PLUNGE

"All right, kids. Nothing to it. First!" It is a stern voice which echoes over the waiting pool and commands us. The sun breaks through the heavy block glass windows, touches on the water only long enough to be thrown onto the concrete slant beamed ceiling.

The first girl leaves the line, perches on the pool edge, and is gone. Water dripping in the corner foot shower marks off the seconds before she reappears, thrashing.

"Next!"

She's a little kid with an oversized hat of bright flowers. Her small face is white under the gaudy rubber blossoms. She hangs to the wall, refuses to go nearer the water. The instructor drops her stern air and talks coaxingly to the little one. Nothing can move her though, so she misses her turn.

"Next!"

One, two, three — splash. The water ripples where the next girl has disappeared. The head bobs back up several feet out into the deep water. Only then does she realize how far out she has gone. The pole is put into use. Even as she is being fished out, I realize that I'm ne . . . .

"Next!"

The pole is still dripping when the command is barked out. On shaky legs, I shuffle to the edge of the pool, letting the puddles slush through my toes. The black lines on the pool bottom waver dizzily.

I can hear the instructor's coaxing and start telling myself to go. I fumble with my knotted suit straps, but they keep slipping anyway. Finally, I have no more excuses to stall. I cross my fingers, look for the reassuring pole, and jump.

The water rushes past me as I head for the bottom. It fills my nose and seeps into my hat and ears. Unexpectedly, I touch bottom. The world around me is green-blue, and, seemingly endless. Shoving off instinctively, I feel strangely light and "floatable." The surface breaks over my head. I spot the edge, and hang on.

Hoisting myself up to the deck, I know that an impish grin has broken out on my wet face. I can't resist the temptation to brag — "Nope kids, nothing to it."

MONICA JAEHNIG '65

VICIOUS CAMPAIGN

The executive director of the bipartisan Fair Campaign Practices Committee, Bruce L. Felknor, described the 1964 Presidential campaign as the "bitterest and most vicious campaign that I've ever observed."

He has described it well. The two candidates and their cohorts avoided discussion and debate in favor of exaggerations, name-calling, and lies. Instead of logic, the public heard slogans; instead of specific programs, the public heard generalities. Goldwater was called an "extremist", a "ranting demagogue", and a "fascist". Johnson was called a "faker", a "radical", and a "socialist". The people heard slogans like "LBJ for the U.S.A." and "In Your Heart You Know He's Right" from dawn until dusk.

Goldwater hammered again and again on "freedom" and "morality", as if Johnson were for "slavery" and "sin". Johnson constantly espouses "peace" and "prosperity", as if Goldwater were an advocate of "war" and "poverty". Goldwater pictured Johnson as a "radical" who would lead the way to "socialism". Johnson pictured Goldwater as a "reactionary" who would drag the country back to the 18th century. In short, it was a campaign of smear tactics and distortion, practically void of facts and logic.

Campaigns like this are not only annoying and tiresome, they are dangerous. In order to choose between candidates and programs, the people need facts. They need to know what programs a candidate favors and opposes; they need to know why one program is better than another; they need to know what programs are necessary in attaining freedom, justice, and prosperity. In a vicious smear campaign, they do not get the facts, and therefore cannot be expected to make a wise decision.

But few of us seem to care about the lies, the character assassinations, and the gross exaggerations. "Just politics," we say. "He has to get elected." "You must appeal to the uneducated masses." Or, we try to make the smear and slander look smaller by terming it "oversimplifications" or by referring to dirty campaigns in the past.

We must do something besides rationalize! We must support committees that work for clean campaigns; we must criticize candidates who use untair campaign methods. But perhaps most important, we must look at ourselves and at our own actions. To quote Roscoe Drummond of the Christian Science Monitor, "What is needed is a rebirth of mutual respect, common decency, and sense of unity within the bounds of political disagreement. Obviously, the place to start is our own conscience. It will be contagious."

BILL GROSNICK '65

Grampa

My grandfather is ninety-seven years old. His silver-grey hair is soft and plentiful as ever and his bushy mustache is still curled at the tips. I'll always remember that mustache; when I was younger I would beg to sit on his lap and take a comb to turn the mustache into two wide curls on each side.

Grampa's eyebrows are an important part of his distinctive features. Thick and shaggy, they've framed the eyes that have seen nearly a century of life.

Grampa's hands are the key to his character. They are big and strong and yet not clumsy. I used to trace the lines along his hands and feel the smooth palms and wonder what had made them so nice to hold onto. His hands aren't taut and spare as they used to be, but these hands held a rifle until he was ninety years old; these same hands built log cabins, shot bears, and plowed fields.

I've always loved Grampa's shirts. They're of thick soft flannel and have big pockets for his chewing tobacco. His shirt used to be comfortable to lean against as I heard stories of mountain lions and Californi', of the Rockies and cattle rustlers.

Whenever my grandfather was asked what he'd like while having dinner he'd reply—"Time." He used his time to walk, to whittle for hours under a giant shady oak, and to chew. I don't know what he would do without his tobacco—it was his constant companion and it never failed him.

My grandfather is practically a legend, a live historical epic. He is part of my life—a wonderful part that will never be uprooted. Grampa will be in my heart forever.

SUSAN BENDER '66

EDUCATION — Quantity or Quality?

Upon studying our class program at Lincoln, one must believe that education is a matter of quantity rather than quality. For some reason our educators feel the more time one puts into a subject the better his education is going to be. This may be true, but time used for unnecessary repetition is wasted time. This wasted time is seen at Lincoln in two forms: the length of the periods, and the amount of repetition in assignments.

This year there was a ruling handed down by a midwestern association of schools, of which Lincoln is a member, that schools which intended to maintain the highest rating must raise class period lengths to fifty-five minutes. Lincoln submitted graciously and students are now coming to school five minutes earlier and leaving two minutes later. Lincoln's administrators may not know it, but the majority of their teachers do not use the entire fifty-five minute period. Day after day many teachers tell their students to use the last ten to fifteen minutes to do some studying. The fact is, it is difficult to study ten to fifteen minutes at a time. Wouldn't these ten or fifteen minute lapses be used more effectively if they were combined? Other schools have done it.

Tom Terrizzi, a former student at Lincoln, said this about his new school, Woodlands High: "School starts at 8:10 and gets out at 2:48. There are eight forty-two minute periods plus a thirty-five minute lunch period. The shorter periods are nice because it keeps you from getting bored." He went on to say, "The school district which I am in has an academic system that is rated as one of the top three in the state of New York, and one of the best in the country. It is comparable to Manty's"

Manty's school board is going to have to allot time the way Woodlands did if they really wish to make education effective. A schedule similar to the following might serve this purpose.

1st period — 7:45 - 8:25
2nd period — 8:29 - 9:09
3rd period — 9:13 - 9:53
4th period — 9:57 - 10:37
5th period — 10:41 - 11:21
6th period — 11:25 - 12:05
7th period — 12:09 - 12:49
8th period — 12:53 - 1:33
9th period — 1:37 - 2:17

—Use our present system for homeroom—

—Students have lunch either 5th, 6th or 7th period —

—Phy. Ed. is taken three times a week —

—On the other two days the time is added to a lab course, providing eighty minutes twice a week for lab experiments —

—If a student has no lab course he shall report to a study hall —

One advantage of this system is that students could take one more course. Another is that a 2:17 dismissal would give students a chance to participate in more extra-curricular activities, which are also a type of education. The earlier dismissal would also give students more time for preparing lessons. Time which they could use one hundred per cent more effectively than if they used the ten or fifteen minutes at the end of each period.

Such a change in a class schedule would also necessitate another change, a change in teachers' preparation and a shortening of assignments. Teachers would have to come to class knowing exactly what they are going to say and do. Their lectures would have to be more concise. Their tests would have to be shorter and hit only the main points. And their assignments would have to be shorter and non-repetitious. In this last point lies the mistake of our present system. There are many instructors who feel that their subject is the only one being taught in the school. They assign work that takes an "A" student one to one and one-half hours to do a good job. This work is usually repetitious and after a certain point serves no useful purpose.

Is education quantity or quality? I am sure you will agree that it is quality, and quality is efficiency. At present Lincoln's efficiency is down for two reasons. One, the schedule is too long, and two, the teachers assign work which is repetitous. Quality education will not follow with mistakes like these.

STEVE PECK '65

HAIKU — Poetry of Awareness

The silvery rain
of autumn tangos and flirts
with the falling leaves.

Strutting cock-pheasant,
Your hens laugh inwardly as
They build your ego.

Which is lonelier
The first snowflake of autumn,
The last bud of spring?

MARY FANDRICK '66

Indignant ladies
Glare at unopened casket—
Human cannibals.

Death slipped silently
In and choked memory with
Long, bony fingers.

The two on the beach
Pause to watch the yellow moon
Wink and smile at them.

The violin climbs
The heights of life—balances
A moment—then falls.

KRISTIN KANZELBERGER '65

The haiku, a highly praised form of Japanese poetry which has become a current passion in the United States, vividly expresses an incident or experience, actual or fictional, in which the writer perceives a deeper meaning than appears on the surface. Although many other types of poetry have the same objective, the haiku is distinct from those forms in three ways.

To illustrate these three ways, here is a sample haiku written by the first-place winner of a haiku-contest, sponsored by a Michigan radio station.

Man dreams of flying.
Exquisitely patterned wings
Are born. He folds them.

The first distinction is that the haiku is complete in a three-line, unrhymed verse of seventeen syllables the lines divided into five, seven, and five syllables.

Secondly, the haiku contains no symbolism or hidden meanings in the words. It merely contains an incident or thought, as set down by the author in a sparse, simple style using familiar words and objects.

In the sample haiku, flying means flying and wings mean wings. Symbolism is not in the words themselves, but rather in the understanding of the poem as a whole —which leads to the third distinction.

The haiku states the thought of the poem only by suggestion. In other words, the haiku is a sketch or an outline, giving only the barest essentials. The interpretation of the haiku is left to the imagination of the reader. He must sense the meaning—he must "fill in"—for himself.

In the sample haiku, the writer has taken only one isolated incident—that of man flying—and tells of its failure. This is where the haiku stops and the reader must take over. The reader must see a deeper meaning in the haiku; it is his job to interpret the complete haiku through his own imagination. Consequently, the haiku may not hold the same meaning for two readers.

To one person, the sample haiku may signify man's overcautiousness in trying something for the first time; to another person it may mean the constant failure of man in things he tries to accomplish. To still another person, it may mean something altogether different.

So, the Japanese haiku is an exercise in awareness—both for the reader and the writer. The writer must crystallize a thought in a few words, while the reader must use his imagination in making a haiku meaningful.

KRISTIN KANZELBERGER '65

WITCHFACE

"Hey, Witchface. Where's your broom? How about a ride?"

"Say, Harry. I hear you sit next to the Witch in study hall. Tell me, Harry, have you got leprosy yet?"

The Witch wasn't very attractive. Her shoulders were hunched far beyond her years and she moved with a halfhearted shuffle. Her clothes were faded and poorly made; she looked like a shack put together with discarded billboards, although the shack never looked unfriendly.

"Say, Harry. I heard you were taking the Witch to Prom."

At the first sight of her desolate form, the Witch's path would always be evacuated. She was always alone. Rather than suffer a ride on the crowded bus, she would plod home listlessly every night. The Witch's eyes, accepting yet wishful, reflected the neglect that she constantly knew.

"Harry. Do you know when the Witch was hatched? I feel sorry for mother hen."

In time, even the Witch's parents, who were once concerned about their daughter's welfare, began to neglect their ugly duckling.

"Harry. I don't understand question nine. Maybe we should ask Witchface."

The Witch had a lot of trouble in school. She often stayed after school, seeking help from teachers who always had something more important to do. Although she was very conscientious, the Witch could never improve herself.

"Harry. Did you hear that the Witch is going to Harvard?"

After four years of persecution, the Witch graduated with a diploma stamped "SPECIAL HELP." She found a job, working nights at a broken down newsstand. She lived in an unpainted, dilapidated shack, across the tracks from a railroad yard. A scrawny old cat that she found among the boxcars one night was the Witch's only companion. Even the men who worked in the switchyard shunned her whenever she passed.

After she left her one room shack and moved out of town, the Witch was all but forgotten by her old classmates.

"Hey, Harry. I wonder whatever happened to old Witchface."

The Witch died from neglect in a place that was strange to her and far from home. Even the newspapers forgot her name in the obituaries. She was buried in a secluded spot in the cemetery that no one wanted . . . She never had a friend.

TOM HOLMES '66

Cry of a Nation

Have you no ears?
Can you not hear my cry?
Have you no eyes?
Can you not see your mistakes?

I cry out to you,
But you do not hear;
You destroy me;
You throw my freedom away.

High taxes crush my people,
Yet you expect them to be strong;
You try to push other countries,
Yet you expect them to be friendly.

You drain me of my resources,
Yet you expect me to have more;
You run over me with your buildings and roads,
Yet you expect beauty from me.

Sin and crime cover my face,
But you let it remain;
My people no longer care,
For they no longer have minds of their own.

They no longer can think;
They follow like sheep behind a leader;
They do not think or challenge;
They can not see the signs.

For they do not understand;
They just can't realize;
I am strangling in the power of men,
But they don't see.

Can no one hear my cry?
Can no one see what's happening?
But no one helps,
Unknowingly they will let me die.

DEBBY WHEREATT '67

The Risk of Liberty

Liberty and order are contradictory forces, one resulting in individual action and interests, the other requiring common norms and objectives. Specifically, the freedom of speech and the need for social order may oppose each other, but must be kept in balance so that neither will destroy the other.

On February 7th, 1946, Father Terminello arrived at Chicago in order to exercise his right of free speech. For an hour and a half prior to his arrival, a crowd had gathered n front of the establishment where Father Terminello was to speak, in order to protest his extreme rightist views. Upon the clergyman's arrival, the crowd became disorderly and caused the Chicago police to request that he not speak. But he did, despite the crowd.

Possibly because of Father Terminello's inflammatory language, the crowd began to riot. He was arrested by the Chicago police for the violation of a city ordinance which stated, "All persons who shall . . . assist in making any . . . riot . . . shall be deemed guilty of disorderly conduct . . . " This arrest was clearly constitutional under the Supreme Court's "clear and present danger" interpretation of the First Amendment, which held that free speech could be abridged if a "clear and present danger" of civil disorder was evident.

Clearly, this case raised a question of our basic need for both order and free speech.

Therefore, the significant question concerning the relationship of freedom of speech and the need for social order, as illustrated by this case, is not, "Should a person exercise his right in a given situation?" Rather it is "Can the use or threat of brute force by an opponent be sufficient reason for a government to suspend someone's right to freedom of speech?"

First, the rule of law is destroyed by the rule of brute force when a person's rights are suspended because of an opponent's threat of violence. And, in effect, a law thus suspending a person's rights would place the force of order (the government) squarely behind those of violence. Brute force would then be legalized.

All that would be necessary for one person to silence another would be the use or threat of organized violence. Wouldn't this be punishing the person who wishes to exercise his right of free speech and rewarding those who are threatening his legitimate rights?"

Secondly, how can progress occur if all people think alike? This interpretation of our right to free speech would result in a law that would allow rioters to silence any citizen and place any minority opinion at the mercy of the majority's. New thoughts would be stifled because they would be different. And new ideas must be different.

Such a law would allow all men to be reduced to the lowest common denominator, into a "common man". Granted that Father Terminello's speech was mostly inflammatory and not creative, a ruling upholding the Father's conviction could be easily and logically extrapolated to apply to "creative" endeavors, as well.

Lastly, what price do Americans place on liberty and order? Do they feel that the American War of Independence was fought to increase freedom or to increase government? Do Americans wish to risk the perils of liberty or the oppression of stifling security?

These are questions that were partially answered when the Supreme Court, in 1947, fortunately declared Father Terminello's conviction unconstitutional.

PETER GREUEL '65

Idleness

Here I sit:
Gazing,
Pondering,
Wondering,
Thinking,
Trying.
There she sits:
Staring.
That is all.

MARILYN KROLL '67

SUE STANNARD '65

Twilight Sky

Twilight is the best sky.
Weary after a full day
Of supporting the scorching sun,
Of continually shoving bulky clouds,
It thankfully sinks into defined characters.

The lowest character is heavy gray.
Dull and plodding,
Lending neither energy nor enthusiasm,
He blots out the valiant streetlight
And blurs, joins trees and far houses.

Above gray disdainfully settles red.
Formerly a brilliant, dashing scarlet,
She is now red-gray.
Infiltrated, overpowered by jealous gray
Changing her hue to his own.

High overhead rules superior blue-black.
Dark because of his mighty responsibility
To sustain the delicate china moon
(Tonight just a fragile sliver)
And the multitudes of shimmering, revolving stars.

Do you see that the twilight sky has distinct personalities?
Sluggish, yellow-eyed gray.
Flighty, feeble red.
Poised, powerful blue-black.

JUDY JOHNSON '66

The Cuban Invasion

A blow struck against tyranny can be a first step toward freedom. A failure of freedom's armies can be a defeat for us all. The Cuban invasion of 1961 turned out to be just such a failure—a tragic disaster. Communist tyranny had again triumphed.

The Cuban Invasion tells why the liberation forces were smashed by the might of a communist state — and how these heroic patriots were abandoned and betrayed.

The authors of this book, Tad Szulc and Karl Meyer, are newspaper correspondents. They had covered the Cuban situation from the time when Mr. Meyer interviewed Fidel Castro, a guerrilla on the run, until Mr. Szulc inspected the battlefield with Premier Castro after the debacle.

What happened to the invasion? The authors tell us that in 1960, when the first plans were formulated, the chances of success for the freedom fighters were relatively great. But in 1961, under the new administration, the project was changed. The changes made success a virtual impossibility.

This book is sub-titled "The Chronicle of a Disaster." And this is what the authors wrote. They claimed that they would, " . . . for the first time, tell the full, unvarnished story of this disaster."

There is the typical "news" style throughout the entire book. Primary sources and news releases have been quoted or published in full.

What of the disaster we have heard so much about? Here is how the tragedy was summarized. "The Bay of Pigs turned into a war without a battle, an encounter that was over before it began, a calamity followed by calamity."

So why is it good to read about a crisis of "recent history"? That depends upon you and me. Do we want to consider the full picture of our failure? Do we want to correct our mistakes in the future so that hundreds of human beings will never again be betrayed to communist butchers anywhere? Are we willing to look for the truth—or are we going to pursue a path of hiding from the facts? Each of us will consider whether or not to read **The Cuban Invasion.**

STEPHEN BIRRINGER '65

Oh, You Dreamer

That glorious state of unawareness,
Free from worry and despair,
Where no one needs a judge of fairness,
For all are truly, kind, and square.
. . . That's a dream.

That which contains answers to life's problems,
Free from question and grave doubt,
Where one man's happiness and joy stems,
From never once having to go without.
. . . That's a dream.

A place where most men store their highest hopes,
And see their wishes blossom wide,
Where every man finds peaceful slopes,
For only faith and love abide,
. . . That's a dream.

ANNE BENISHEK '67

The Other Side

Doug Jackson felt the tenseness in the clear, spring air as he approached the Rock Falls High School. Small groups of students ceased talking and turned to stare as he passed by. Each countenance betrayed its owner, some malicious and sneering, others only curious.

Somehow retaining his poise, he strode up to and through the wide doors of the school. His face felt hot and flushed, but perhaps no one would notice. After scanning the school directory hanging on the wall, he continued to the principal's office. They would be expecting him, of course. It wasn't every day that a Negro boy enrolled in a previously all-white northern school.

If only his father had not been so active in the NAACP. There were other people to do the job. Then his father would not have felt obligated to accept the position in this small northern town arranged for him by the Association. Why should his family have to give up their home?

If it weren't for this "project", Doug thought bitterly, he might still be with his friends, with people who enjoyed his company. The Doug Jackson who in Montgomery, Alabama, was captain of the basketball team, who was accepted and included, would here be excluded and repelled.

His tall, muscular body felt tight, but the bronze face was an unrevealing mask. The mouth that had so often flashed white teeth in a friendly smile was now pressed in a taut, narrow line.

He thought of his sister. Anna was just nine and so totally unprepared for the heartaches and disappointment this community could render. Her dark eyes had shone with excitement and anticipation earlier this morning. Doug whispered a silent prayer that it would not be destroyed. Anna was so easily hurt.

The office door loomed near; the tinted glass giving an unnatural, distorted look to the room inside. He grasped the iron door knob, its touch cold to his perspiring palm. Taking a deep breath, he turned it and opened the door.

The young secretary looked up. Her eyes told him that she had been waiting for him. Her face was expressionless.

"Douglas Jackson? Mr. Martin is expecting you. You may go right in." She motioned to a nearby door.

Doug entered the principal's office. The man behind the desk looked up and smiled.

"Well, sit down, my boy." The voice seemed friendly enough. Was this a man he could trust?

Doug sank into a chair and studied the man. Mr. Martin was husky and red-faced. There was something about his manner that put Doug at ease. Maybe Mr. Martin understood how he felt; maybe the principal looked past the color of his skin and into Doug's heart. Doug knew it would be hard. He had not expected it to be easy. But, somehow, he felt if he had this influential man on his side, the odds against him weakened.

JUDY JOHNSON '66

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Home Town

Once you were the only world I knew.
Now you are alien to me and I to you.

In my childhood you were my utopia.
Now you are old and tired.

Once I saw only ivy on your brick buildings.
When did the soot first appear?

Your ideas seem so small.
Once they were so big I couldn't see over them.

While I was away you were my symbol of peace.
Now your silence makes my thoughts echo
In your empty streets.

You showed me the dawn and I was content.
Another has shown me the noonday.
All you seem to offer is the dusk.

MARY SIMON '65

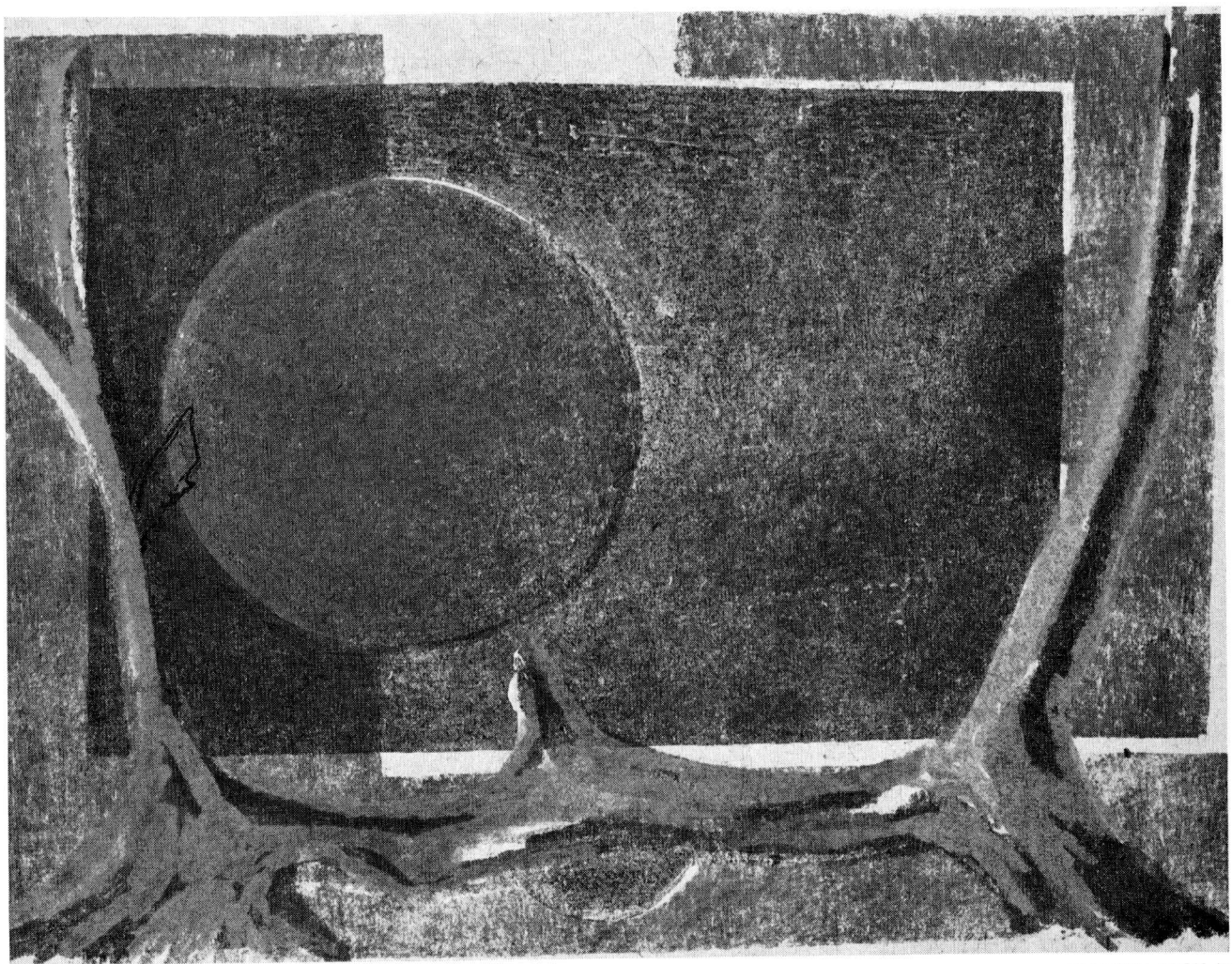
The Nature

Maturity seems to be an illusive quality. Primitive societies valued physical maturity because theirs was a world of brute survival. Now, emotional and intellectual maturity limit or aid a man in our society of knowledge. Such a basic concept is too important to remain obscure, seldom analyzed or understood. We should consider the development, and thereby the nature of maturity in order to judge our present values and guide our future ones.

Possibly this development can be seen most clearly by the analysis of a growing child and his changing point of view.

As an infant, the child is entirely egocentric, living in a world of distorted simplicty, in which he is the world and he is his only interest. His reactions to this distorted world are simple, conditioned reflexes: he cries and mother feeds him. But soon his world expands so that his diapers are gone and he feeds himself. His world of simplicity becomes one of subjugation and conflict between what is and what is wanted (his goals, no matter how immediate or remote). The child adjusts, but only after his concept of reality and his idealistic views are bent a little; neither are the same. This maturing child neither ignores nor discards reality (what is) or idealism (what is wanted) as he faces a changing world, but rather continues to keep in ever-changing balance.

As his world expands, new forces and new ingredients are introduced which the child, unlike the playwright, cannot control but can only attempt to influence. As this world of ever-accelerating change unfolds, the child may retain infantile attitude and mannerisms as an anchor to a more simplified, less realistically and emotionally developed world. Mechanisms of withdrawal may be activated. But he may accept reality as new and interesting, welcoming the challenge, and



CHRISSE BECK '65

# of Maturity

changing with his world. This well-adjusted child has continually changing views of reality and idealism.

Then, suddenly, adolescence is upon him and he must cope with a new and powerful need. He must adjust to the reality of sex and to its supposed place in life. A new aspect of reality is revealed and a modified outlook upon life, in toto, must be developed. Again the child is one step closer to the awareness of the total reality of life, to more "mature" social relations, and necessarily, to new meaning in life's experiences. A world of conflicting loyalties appears, one in which the child's adolescent belief that, although not as completely as in infancy, his parents will protect him from the future, is undermined by the realization of an ever-broadening environment and the sense of his insignificance in that environment. His is still in a distorted world.

Probably the most difficult shock, one that draws upon the resources of his previous values and means of perceiving reality (i. e. the very essence of his maturity), occurs when he leaves home and starts to provide for himself. He may, as he could have at any time during his development, reject reality and live in a world of fantasy or he may reject the need for hope for a better future, and despair and waste away in a world that totally dominates him—in a world he does not wish to dominate.

Within these choices, conscious or subconscious, seems to lie the essence of maturity: an infinitely delicate balance between reality and idealism, between what is and what ought to be, between distortion and proportion. This balance results not in fantasy or complete submission to reality, but rather in a philosophy in which abstract ideals themselves are modified by reality.

Maturity, then, seems to be a quality that is seldom, if ever, achieved. It requires the observation of all significant objects and events, their interrelationships, and causes and effects. A person may be mature concerning one matter on one day and infantile the next. He may be mature on one issue and immature on another. Maturity must be constantly striven for.

Maturity is dependent upon the person, his perception of reality and its effect upon his beliefs. What might seem to be a clear perception of reality to one person might not seem to be to the next. What might be a new, sound generalization (and therefore a sound basis for a mature philosophy) from one point of view may not seem to be from another, not necessarily because there is more than one "reality," but because of our imperfect perception of reality.

This view of maturity may well conflict with one aspect of the stereotyped image of the "mature person." The process of maturing was always an egocentric one. The baby thinks only of himself, only in terms of immediate desires. The mature person thinks only of himself in terms of conflicting realities, multiple characters, and controllable reations. He gives love to accept love and satisfy his need for security. He supports a family for social reasons and in the hope of creating a sanctuary where a semblance of security will exist. He does not compromise his ideals, his philosophy, because such an action would compromise and contradict his view of reality—an essential ingredient of a mature philosophy of life. He feels compassion so that it will be reciprocated. He accepts authority so that he can attempt to control his environment.

He has, in the final analysis, met both reality and idealism, has given them their place, and has integrated their powers. He neither accepts reality nor despises it. He neither abandons hope nor is blinded by it, for he has a philosophy that is an integrated product of reality and idealism. He is a mature person.

PETER GREUEL '65

BREAKER

Rushing,
Pushing,
Faster,
Closer.

Growling,
Hissing,
Louder,
Fiercer.

Rolling,
Rearing,
Higher,
Nearer.

Seething,
Churning,
Darker,
Deeper . . . .

LYNDA GROTBAK '65

Red Badge of Courage

Through the years people have often resisted change because of the difficulty it involves or their lack of understanding of the change. In Stephen Crane's **The Red Badge of Courage** such emotional changes were experienced by a young soldier in the Civil War. Along with this principal idea of a mental conflict, Crane has thoroughly debunked the romantic picture of war, showing it was senseless, ruthless, and merciless.

In this novel, the reader is carried from the beginning to the end of a great battle as it is reflected in the mind of a young Northern private, Henry Fleming. With Fleming, the reader goes on marches he can't understand, shoots at enemies he can't see, watches the hideous slaughter about him, deserts his company, returns to action, and finally departs, not knowing whether his army has won or lost.

This novel is basically about a battle, but it is a symbolic battle which represents life itself. It is not about the struggle of armies but of the struggle within a youth who resists change. This youth enters war, an area completely unfamiliar to him. He finds that change is necessary for adaptation, but he rebels against it and attempts to run away. Finally, however, he discovers that it is necessary to conform if he wishes to act in a mature manner.

As for the red badge, this represents his conscience as he attempts to determine right from wrong. This particular conflict is illustrated by the use of irregular impressions of change, motion, and contradictory moods as hope often changes to despair and vice versa.

This overall plight of Henry Fleming can easily be paralleled to that of many individuals today. Many would rather accept defeat than experience the often difficult changes demanded in their ordinary life. Yet these changes must be attained, be it adolescence to adulthood or high school to college, if the individual is to become a properly functioning part of society. As for initial failure, society has always respected an individual who has determination and continues to strive until he can make all necessary transitions.

When a book has such a universal idea to get across to the reader, its value will never decrease through the years. **The Red Badge of Courage** is as appropriate today as it was when it was written seventy years ago. Social trends may change but the basic ideals of society will always hold true.

JIM CHERMAK '65

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